

(Notes From the Trial of) La Curandera

Clutch

Did you not grant quarter to the daemon
Giving treatment to its wounds?
And would you not consider it unnatural To be born outside the womb?
We eagerly await your response
And your best defense La Curandera is the young girl
In a linen dress of white
She dances on black sand in the night
In her linen dress of white Let us vote to dunk the witch in the river
Styx and photograph the lye
So in the shadow of Cerebus her spirit will reside La Curandera is the young girl
In a linen dress of white
She dances on black sand in the night
In her linen dress of white Bird in the fire, mouthful of sand
King of the Briar, mouthful of sand
The scale and feather, the lock and key
The Lord of weather, the beast at peace

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